

463358  
ÆSOP

AT

TUNBRIDGE,

OR,

A few select *FABLES*

IN

VERSE.

---

BY

No Person of Quality.

*a Jacobite?*

---

L O N D O N:

Printed, and are to be Sold by *E. Whitlock*, near  
*Stationers-hall. 1698.*

AT 2 A

AT

TUNBRIDGE

OR

NEW BRIDGE

VIRGIL

THE HISTORY OF

THE

THE HISTORY OF THE

TO THE  
READER.

**R**iding, of late, to take a little Air, and crossing by some chance the Tunbridg Road, it was my fortune to find a parcel of Papers, which were doubtless dropt by some unwary Passenger, who had made more Haste than good Speed; and taking them up, I found they were the following Fables: which, I imagine, some Young Gentleman of Wit

## To the READER.

and Leisure, had diverted himself in composing, whilst he was obliged to drink the Waters. The Entertainment they gave me and my Friends, made me think of making them Publick; and considering the Nature of them, and that they were very fairly written, it is not at all unlikely that the Author had designed them for the Press himself. There are but two little Reasons to the contrary, which may be also soon answered; First, That they are too small to make a Book: the Second, That some of the Fables are too bold, and might expose the Author to some Danger or Displeasure. As to the first Objection, Whoever would  
be

## TO the READER.

be sure of *Pleasing* must not be tedious ; it happens but to a few great Books to be read through ; and many good Authors have defeated their own purpose of instructing the World, by frightening the Reader with three or four hundred Pages : but besides, the Nature of such a Work as this, requires that the Reader be never cloy'd, but always kept in good Humour and good Appetite, which a long Work could hardly do ; and ten or a dozen Morals are enough to amuse the Mind, and keep it exercised a good while. But, after all, it may be there were many Fables more intended to follow these ; and then I have nothing to say but that these were

## TO the READER.

all I found, and thought they were too many to be lost to the Publick.

To the other Objection, the Author, having nothing to fear, has nothing to answer; for they are publish'd, if not without his Will, yet without his Knowledge. But should it be granted that one or two Fables are a little too bold and angry, yet since there is some Foundation for such sort of Mutterings and Complaints, from whence can our Rulers learn these Truths more inoffensively, than from such little Stories? they will not, perhaps, attend so easily to wise and good Men as they will to Foxes and Asses; and wise and good Men will not, it may be, dare

## TO the READER.

*dare to tell those Truths these Beasts deliver, which yet our Governours should know.*

*I will not altogether excuse the Exaggeration of Matters in the twelfth Fable; for tho' our Bargain be dear enough; yet I can't tell what we should have done without it; and Things, I hope, will mend upon our hands, in good time.*

---

ÆSOP

# TO THE READER

have to tell those things that people  
believe, which are our Government  
should know.

I will not altogether excuse the  
ignorance of matters in our country  
Table 2 for the one thing is that  
of which I can tell what we should  
have had without it, and I think, I  
hope, that we should have had it, in  
the first place.



(1)

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**ÆSOP**  
**AT**  
**TUNBRIDGE.**

---

F A B, L.

**Fair Warning.**

**I**N *Æsop's* new-made World of Wis,  
Where Beasts could talk, and read, and write,  
And say and do as he saw fit.  
A certain Fellow thought himself abus'd,  
And represented by an *Afs*;  
And *Æsop* to the Judge accus'd  
That he defamed was.

Friend,

Friend, quoth the Judge, how do you know

Whether you are defam'd or no?

How can you prove that he must mean

You, rather than another Man?

Sir, quoth the Man, it needs must be,

All Circumstances so agree,

And all the Neighbours say 'tis Me.

That's somewhat, quoth the Judge, indeed,

But let this Matter pass;

Since 'twas not *Æsop*, 'tis agreed,

But *Application* made the *Ass*.

F A B. II.

## The Cock and Pearl.

**A** Dunghil Cock was raking in the Ground,  
And flirtd up a Pearl;

I would, quoth he, thou hadst been found

By some great Lord or Earl.

My self a single Barly-corn

Would, surely, rather find:

We Creatures that are dull, Earth-born,

Things only *useful* mind.

Whilst they who are divinely Wise,

And do from *Jove* proceed,

Thy lovely orient *Lustre* prize,

And for thy *Beauty* trade.

FAB.

F A B. III.

## Of the Horse and Ass.

**A** Horse and Ass were journeying on their way;  
 The Horse was only harness'd, light, and gay;

The Ass was heavy loaden, and lagg'd behind,  
 And thus, at length, bespake his Friend.

Companion, take some pity on my State,  
 And ease me but of half my Weight.

Half will to you no burthen be,  
 And yet a mighty help to me.

The Horse laugh'd loud, and shook his Head,  
 And wantonly curvetting said;

Seignior, we Horses never choose

The Burthens that we can refuse;  
 And should such Jest upon me pass,  
 Methinks I should be but an Ass.

The

The *Ass* quite spent, and vext to be deny'd,  
 Sunk down beneath his Weight, and dy'd.  
 The Master coming up, took off the Sack,  
 And threw it on the *Horse's* Back :  
 And having flaid his *Ass*, he threw  
 The filthy Hide upon him too.  
 At which the *Horse*, thus sadly humbled, cry'd.  
 (Letting some Tears for Grief and Anger fall)  
 Whether 'twere Cruelty, or Pride,  
 That I so fair Request deny'd,  
 I am justly serv'd, and made to carry all.

*The Asses of the South and East  
 Desire the Horses of the North and West,  
 That, as to Parliament they vnt,  
 This Fable may not be forgot.*

## F A B. IV.

## Of the Judgment of the Ape.

**A** *Wolf* complain'd that he had lost a *Lamb*,  
And strait impleads a *Fox* of no good  
Fame,

(Who had a *Lamb*) that he had stoln the  
fame,

An *Ape* was to decide the Cause,

Having some Knowledg in the Laws.

No Councel was by either feed,

Each would his Cause, in person, plead ;

And so they did, with mighty heat ;

The Judg himself did almost sweat,

To hear the Force of their Debate.

How they accuse, and how defend,

How they reply'd, joyn'd and rejoyn'd.

At length in pity to the Court,

The Judg was fain to cut them short ;

And

And thus determin'd — Sirs, in troth,  
 The *Lamb* belongs to neither of you both.  
 You, Mr. *Wolf*, have, doubtless, lost no *Lamb*;  
 And, *Renard*, you as surely stole that same;  
 But not from him. If Justice might prevail,  
 You should be both condemn'd to Fine and Jail.

*So two great Lords for an Estate may fight,  
 Which does to neither appertain, by Right.*

---

B

F A B.

## F A B. V.

Of the *Horse* and *Man*.

**A** Fierce wild *Boar*, of monstrous size and  
force,

Did once, in early days, affront a *Horse* ;

Who meditating Vengeance, found his Will

To hurt, much greater than his Power and Skill ;

And therefore, chaf'd and resolute, he ran

To the next House, and thus apply'd to *Man*.

I come, Superiour Power, whom *Jove* hath made

His Substitute on Earth, to seek thy Aid,

Against a sordid Brute, who injures me,

And likewise speaks contemptibly of Thee.

*Jove*, whom thou nam'st (said *Man*) was to thee  
kind,

And sent thee where thou shalt Assistance find.

But this injurious *Boar* will never meet

Our Arms upon the Plain, but trusts his Feet:

But



But shall his Feet then his Protection be,  
 Since Swiftneſs is the Gift of *Jove* to thee?

(Mark it, my Friend, this Insolence  
 Deprives us of our common Senſe.)

This doubtleſs he forgot; ſo will not we.  
 You, for Convenience, will a while ſubmit  
 To be directed with a Bridle and Bitt;  
 And take me on your Back, till we ſhall ſee  
 This your outrageous Enemy.

Up, ſaid the Horſe then, let us never reſt,  
 Till we have found this curſed Beaſt.

Away then to the Woods they flew,  
 The Horſe his Haunts and Coverts knew,  
 And there his Foe, the dextrous Warriour flew.

This done, they jocund homewards make;

And thus the Horſe the Man beſpake.

Now, Sir, accept my Thanks for what is paſt,  
 I to my wonted Fields, and Friends muſt haſt.

Hold, quoth the Man, we part not quite so soon;

*Your* Business is, but *Mine* is not yet done.

Some Service there remains, due to the Aid

I lent you, which must be repaid.

This said, he light, and ty'd him to a Rack;

Where the poor Creature, thus with Sorrow spake.

Slight was the Injury of the Boar,

And might, perhaps, have been no more:

But now I'm utterly undone,

My Ease and Liberty are gone.

*Sweet is Revenge, just in the Taste,*

*But surely Bitterness at last.*

*Let other Creatures warning take,*

*What Bargains they in Passion make.*

*Let Nations also take good care,*

*That they with many Hardships bear,*

*Rather than seek Redress abroad;*

*Which is but adding to their Load.*

## F A B. VI.

## The Bargain.

**T**WO *Welchmen* Partners in a Cow,  
 Resolv'd to sell her dear;  
 And laid their Heads together, how  
 To do 't at *Ludlow Fair*.

It was a sultry Summers Day,  
 When out they drove the Beast ;  
 And having got about half way,  
 They sat them down to rest.

The Cow, a Creature of no Breeding,  
 (The place with Grass being stor'd)  
 Fed by ; and whilst she was a feeding,  
 Let fall a mighty T——.

*Roger,*

*Roger*, quoth *Hugh*, I tell thee what,  
 Two Words and I have done ;  
 If thou wilt fairly eat up *that*,  
 The Cow is all thy own.

'Tis done, quoth *Roger*, 'tis agreed,  
 And to't he went apace ;  
 He seem'd so eager sett, 'tis said,  
 That he forgot his Grace.

He labour'd with his wooden Spoon,  
 And up he slopt the Stuff ;  
 Till, by the time that half was done,  
 He felt he had enough.

He felt : but scorning to go back,  
 Would look as if he wanted more ;  
 And seem'd to make a fresh Attack,  
 With as much Vigour as before.

But

But stopping short a while, he cry'd,  
 How fares it, Neighbour *Hugh* ?  
 I hope, by this, you 're satisfied,  
 Who's Master of the Cow.

Ay, ay, quoth *Hugh* (the Devil choak thee,  
 For nothing else can do't,)  
 I'm satisfi'd that thou hast broke me,  
 Unless thou wilt give out.

Give out? quoth *Roger*, that were fine ;  
 Why, what have I been doing?  
 But yet I tell thee, Friend of mine,  
 I shall not seek thy Ruine.

My Heart now turns against such Gains ;  
 I know th' art piteous poor.  
 Eat thou the half that still remains,  
 And 'tis as 'twas before.

God's Blessing on thy Heart, quoth *Hugh*,

That Proffer none can gainsay;

With that, he readily fell to,

And eat his share o'th' *Tansie*.

Well now, quoth *Hodge*, w' are ev'n, no doubt,

And neither side much Winner.

So had we been, quoth *Hugh*, without

This damn'd confounded Dinner.

*Let this, both to our Wars and Peace*

*Be honestly apply'd;*

*France and th' Allies have done no less,*

*Than what these Welch-men did.*

## F A B. VII.

## The Frogs Concern.

**T**WO fierce young Bulls within the Marshes  
 strove  
 For the Reward of Empire and of Love;  
 Which should the fairest Heifer gain,  
 And which should govern all the Plain.  
 This, when a Frog hard by perceiv'd,  
 He sigh'd, and sob'd, and sorely griev'd,  
 He hung his Head, and made great moan,  
 As tho he had lost his Wife or Son.  
 At which a neighbour Frog admir'd,  
 And kindly of the Cause enquir'd;  
 Which when he knew, he said in haste,  
 And *Gossip*, is this all at last?  
 If this and that great Loggerheaded Bull  
 Will try the Thickness of each others Scull,

E'en

E'en let them do, as fit they see :  
 But what is that to You and Me ?  
 If that, replied the other, were all indeed,  
 We should about this Matter be agreed.  
 I should not care a single Groat,  
 To see 'em tear each others Throat ;  
 But, Friend, the Creatures of such Might,  
 Can never meet in Field to fight,  
 But in the Fury of their full Career,  
 Both you and I endanger'd are ;  
 And all our kindred Tribes below,  
 In hazard of their Lives must go.  
 When *Bulls* rush on, or when retreat for Breath,  
 They'll tread a hundred of us *little Folks* to death.

*If Kings would fight themselves alone,  
 Their People still secure,  
 No mortal Man would part 'em sure,  
 But let them e'en fight on.*



*But when the Subjects Blood is spilt,  
 And their Estates are drain'd,  
 To justifie a Prince's Guilt,  
 Or have his Vanity maintain'd;  
 When they must pay for all at last,  
 That Lust, Ambition, or Revenge lay waste;  
 The poorest Man alive may fear,  
 And pray against the Miseries of War.*

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## F A B. VIII.

Of a **Man** and his **Ass**.

**A** Wretched *Churl* was trav'ling with his *Ass*,  
 Beneath two Panniers Load oppress'd;  
 And hearing Noise behind, cry'd to the Beast,  
 Fly, my Friend *Roger*, fly apace;  
 Else I'm undone, and all my Market's naught;  
 And thou thy self wilt by the Rogues be caught.

Caught?

Caught ? quoth the Beast, what if I be ?

What will it signifie to me ?

My Panniers are so full, they'll hold no more ;

I carry *two* and cannot carry *four*.

'Twixt Rogues and You, I can no difference make,

They are all Rogues to me, who break my Back.

*Fly, fly from France, our Statesmen cry,*

*And Slavery's cursed Toke ;*

*Whilst with our Antient Liberty,*

*Our very Backs are broke.*

*France is a Thief ; but France can do no more,*

*Than keep the Panniers on we had before.*

## F A B. IX.

Of a ~~wolf~~, *Harley*

**A** *Wolf* retiring from *Whitehal*,  
 Where he had Statesman been,  
 Built for himself a Box so small,  
 That few could be receiv'd within.

The Country all admir'd at this,  
 And could not at the Reason guess,  
 Why one so Wealthy and so Great,  
 Should cage himself at such a rate.  
 Till at the last a *Fox* came by,  
 A Courtier also, sleek and sly,  
 And thus in earnest and in jest,  
 His Reason gave among the rest,  
 Perhaps my Lord Commissioner intends,  
 Here to receive only *his honest Friends*.

F A B. X.

The Plaintiff and Defendant.

**T**WO Travellers an Oyster found,  
Dropt from some Pannier down ;  
Each stoopt, and took it from the Ground,  
And claim'd it as his own.

Since both can't have it all, said one,  
E'en let it parted be.  
No, says the other, all or none,  
But all belongs to me.

One Serjeant *Law*, by chance came by,  
And he must end the Strife :  
Which thing he did immediatly,  
With his deciding Knife.

He

He took the Fish, and cut it up.

(This Cause he opened well)

And fairly did the Oyster sup,

And gave to each a Shell.

And if hereafter Causes rise,

Where People can't agree,

I know, quoth he, you'll be so wise

To refer them still to me.

My Name is *Law*, my Chambers are

At some of the *Inns of Court*,

Or *Serjeant's Inn*, or *Westminster*,

Where all for Help resort.

Sir, quo' the Men, trust us for that,

We shall not fail to tell,

'Twas *Law* that did the Oyster eat,

And left to Us the *Shell*.

F A B. XI.

Of the *Pigeons*.

**T**HE *Hawks* were once at mortal Jars,  
Which came at length to Civil Wars.

The *Pigeons* they stood looking on,  
And, full of Pity, made great moan ;

To see how bloodily they fought,

And each the others Ruine fought.

And never would these Creatures cease,

Till they had mediated a Peace.

The *Hawks* did easily consent,

So Peace was made, and home they went,

Where when they came and wanted Prey,

And how to pass their time away ;

They fairly made one general Swoop,

And eat their Mediators up.

Two lucky *Pigeons* were not there,

And so escap'd the Massacre.

Of

Of which the One to th' Other said,  
 How came our Kindred all so mad?  
 Parting of *Hawks*! *Hawks* ever should  
 Be gorg'd with one anothers Blood.  
 The *Wicked* have a natural Rage,  
 (A thirst of Violence to assuage.)  
 Which if not on the *Wicked* spent,  
 Will fall upon the *Innocent*.

*So the poor Hugonots of France,*

*And Vaudois full as poor,*

*Pray'd loudly, in their Innocence,*

*That God would Peace restore.*

*Peace was restor'd; but Peace to them*

*No Safety did restore;*

*Their Hawks employ'd their Power and Time*

*Much worse than e'er before.*

*And thou, O Church of England Dove,*

*Doat not upon thy Peace;*

*That may, than War, more fatal prove;*

*Both to thy Wealth and Ease.*

## F A B. XII.

The *Farmer* and the *Hare*.

**A** *Hare* did once into a Garden get  
Belonging to a Farm ;  
Where she began to throw up Earth, and eat,  
And do some little Harme.

The *Farmer* cours'd her round and round,  
But got her not away ;  
*Puffs* took a liking to the Ground,  
And there resolv'd to stay.

Well, quoth the Fellow, in a Fret,  
Since you are grown so bold,  
I shall some more Assistance get,  
And drive you from your Hold.

And



And strait he sends to a young *Squire*,  
 That he, by break of day  
 Would with his Pack of Hounds repair,  
 And sport himself that way.

The *Squire*, as ask'd, attended came,  
 With Folks, and Horse, and Hounds,  
 And in pursuance of the Game,  
 Rode over all the Grounds.

They leapt the Ditches, broke the Hedges down,  
 And made most fearful Wast ;  
 They tramp'd all the Garden round,  
 And kill'd poor *Puffs* at last.

At this the *Farmer* tore his Hair,  
 And swore most bloodily,  
 Zounds! What confounded work is here?  
 And what a Fool am I?

Not fifty *Hares*, in fifty Days,  
 Had so much Mischief done,  
 As this good *Squire* (whom I must praise  
 And thank) hath wrought in *One*.

*If our Deliverance from the Frights  
 Of standing Army near,  
 And silly superstitious Rites,  
 Worth Forty Millions were;*

*Then have we wisely broke our Mounds,  
 That our Defences were,  
 Wisely call'd in our Neighbours Hounds,  
 And kill'd the desperate Hare.*

*But if, with all this vast Expence,  
 Besides a Sea of Blood  
 Spilt in the Church and States Defence,  
 Our Matters stand much as they stood.*

*Then*

*Then have we done a World of ill,  
 With endless Cost and Pains,  
 A little hurtful Hare to kill;  
 And well deserve the Brains.*

---

## F A B. XIII.

**Poetry** its **Cure.**

## I.

**A** Youth of pregnant Parts and Wit,  
 And thirsty after Fame,  
 Was musing long which way to get  
 An everlasting Name.

## 2.

And having heard of *Poetry*,  
 And its immortal Praise;  
 He thought the way to *Fame* must ly  
 By courting of the *Bayes*.

3. He

Not fifty *Hares*, in fifty Days,  
 Had so much Mischief done,  
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 And thank) hath wrought in One.

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3.

He heard how many a noble Town  
Laid Claim to *Homer's* Birth,  
To purchase from it a Renown,  
Above the rest of th' Earth.

4.

This kindl'd in his generous Mind  
A strong and noble Fire :  
He seem'd for nothing else design'd,  
Could nothing else desire.

5.

The *Father* finding this intent  
Ill with his state agreed,  
That, living, wanted *Six per Cent.*  
Much more than *Fame*, when dead :

6. Resolv'd

Resolv'd to try to cure his Mind,  
And change his vain Designs,  
And could no fitter Method find,  
Than sending him these Lines :

*Seven wealthy Towns contend for HOMER Dead,  
Through which the Living HOMER begg'd his Bread.*

---

F I N I S.

6

Replied to my to your dissonance.

And change his side to mine.

And could not but be so.

Then finding that his side

Is not the side of mine.

Then finding that his side

Is not the side of mine.